
Title: Mythran's Plea

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To anyone who will listen,

I am sending this warning
ahead of me through the
Ethereal Void. I have
recruited wisps to carry
my words far and wide. I
am in dire need of help,
and your world may soon
face similar peril. You
are not alone, and you
are in more danger than
you realize.

I am Mythran, scholar and
arcane practitioner of a
rare school of magic
called Thaumaturgy. I am
the last Thaumaturge on
my world, perhaps the
only one remaining
anywhere. Someday, I will
pass on the formulae and
enchantments I have
learned, but for now, I
am alone.

I come from the fallen
world of Pagan. Now
named for those who
conquered it, Pagan was
once a beautiful planet
ruled by another
civilization known as the
Zealans. Now, the main
continent of Morgaelin
sits in ruins, conquered
by beings from beyond
our world: the Titans of
the Four Elements.

I know you are out there,
across the Ethereal Void,
unaware of the threat
that results from being
noticed by such powers. I
saw your display of
magic, a careless beacon
in the night. With those

spells, you both announced
you had something worth
taking and marked
yourself as a potential
threat. The Titans will
now respond. They are
more powerful than
anything I know. They are
likely a step ahead of
me, and their cults and
agents are already moving
through the shadows of
your world.

I am crossing a distance
unimaginable to come to
your aid, but I cannot
claim altruism. What I am
doing is not just for
your world, but also for
my own. With my counsel,
it may be possible to
save both our worlds. If
you get this message,
please respond.

-Mythran